

Greenland

AMERICAN

JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS

Iceland

WATER

WATER

The average tide
in the bay of Fundy
is 57 feet

WATER

Dr Beebe deep-
sea research in
the bathysphere

CONFISH
meal
three
size

A f r i c

India

South
America

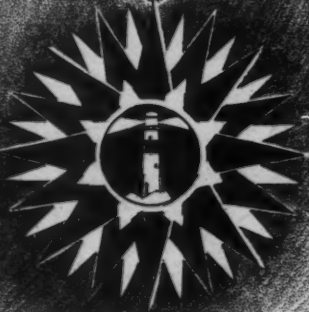
Rio de Jane

Buenos Ay

SOUTH ATLANTIC

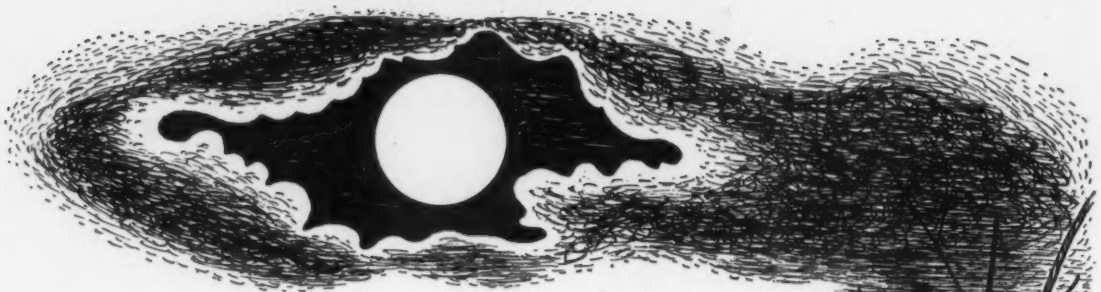
Two clippers, the
Flying Cloud and
the Arrow, raised
the 18000 miles
from New York
around Cape Horn
to San Francisco
making the trip
in windy days

About now a penguin
one might see a penguin
it seen above



October 1941





Harvest Moon

ELEANOR ALLETTA CHAFFEE

Decoration by Frank Dobias

The moon comes up like a painted moon,
And silvery mice in silvery shoon
Gravely dance in that orange light,
Round and round in the cool, still night.
The dry leaves rustle, the wind goes by
Like a ragged beggar with head held high.
The hills lean closer to hear the song;
Crickets fiddle the whole night long.

The moon goes down like a paper moon,
Crumpled and crushed like an old balloon.
The cricket fiddles are quiet now;
The hill wears morning upon its brow.
A dead leaf falls with a rusty sound
From a stripped gray bough to the silent ground,
And a little wind whimpers through tarnished clover,
"Summer is over, summer is over!"



American Junior Red Cross NEWS

October • 1941

Part I

Spanish Harvest

ISABEL DE PALENCIA

Illustrations by the Author

IT WAS some time before Juan, the son of the fisherman, got used to life in El Olivar. All his eight years he had lived by the sea and the summer before he had helped the fishermen pull in the *copo*, the great net with its shining catch. Some day he hoped to go back to Bellavista by the Mediterranean and to have his father's boat, the *Santa Maria*. But his father had been lost at sea when he was a very little boy, and, when his grandmother found she could not take care of him alone, they had come to live at El Olivar with Aunt Dolores and Uncle Antonio, and his cousins, Joselito and Solita.

Juan thought it queer to have no shore to play on, nor any place to bathe except the tiny stream running through the village, where his Aunt Dolores and the other women knelt on the ground to wash their linen, whacking it against large, smooth stones.

There were evenings when he longed for the sound of the waves, and for old Pedro and his oxen, Lucero and Serrano, and for Manuel and José the shepherd. He longed for the fishermen with whom he had helped pull the *copo*, and who had been so kind to him.

The men in El Olivar were kind, too. But it seemed to Juan that these land folk enjoyed nothing so much as just sitting and talking among themselves. The fishermen had enjoyed talking, too, but they had spoken of things which Juan could understand—the sea and the nets, and the boats and the fish. In El Olivar men would sit at the doors of their houses for hours after sunset, talking of one

thing: bulls and bull-fighters. Juan understood nothing of what they said, for he did not even know the names of the most famous bullfighters.

One day he met Don Alonso who had once been a bullfighter and now had a big farm where he raised bulls. Juan thought him a fine-looking man, with his short woolen bolero, his pleated white shirt, and his tight-fitting trousers and leather boots.

Don Alonso often came down to the fields to watch the men work. He would offer them cigarettes, say good morning or good evening, and then go away again. He would pronounce the Andalusian greeting, “*Salud*,” so slowly and with such a deep voice—“*Saluuuuuud*”—that it sounded like thunder.

The workers would look at Don Alonso with great respect.

“*Ha sido muy valiente*—he has been a very brave man,” they would say to each other.

“Very brave,” Joselito would repeat after them, standing with his hands on his hips and his straw sombrero over his right ear in the same way that Don Alonso wore his.

“What has he done to be so brave?” Juan would ask. “Has he saved many people from drowning?” That was what one considered brave in Bellavista.

Joselito spat on the ground and looked at Juan with an expression of pity and contempt. “Saved? He has saved himself, and killed hundreds—no, thousands—of bulls, each in one single sword thrust.”

Juan felt that he and his cousin would never

like the same things. For Juan could see nothing brave in killing animals. Bulls and sheep, and pigs, for that matter, were killed every day, everywhere, and no one seemed very proud of having done it. Juan remembered that his father could never bear to kill the pig they had fattened every year, but would call in a neighbor to do it—not because he was afraid, but because he was ashamed.

But everyone in El Olivar seemed to think Don Alonso very brave.

"Just to see him with the *muleta* was a treat," one of the men would say, and everyone would join with loud praise of Don Alonso—how he had handled the *banderillas* and the *capa*, and how he could do a *molinete* and a *veronica* better than anyone else. Juan felt very ignorant indeed, for he did not know that the *muleta* and the *banderillas* and the *capa* were the stick and the darts and the cape that bullfighters use in the fight, and that some of the other words meant parts of the fight itself.

One day he made up his mind to consult his grandmother about it all. She knew everything, now that she had grown so very much older. She was so old that she did nothing all day except sit near the door of the corral and knit socks for the men of the house. The socks she knit were of white cotton, with only half a foot, so that part of the feet and all the toes showed at the end of the heavy esparto-grass sandals the men wore.

"I know nothing about bullfights," she said, "except that your father went once to see a fight, when he was in the capital, and he did not like it at all. Perhaps he did not understand it."

"But Father was a brave man," said Juan stoutly.

"Brave? Of course he was. Ask Pedro or Manuel or any of them."

Days and weeks went by, and winter came nearer. One day Uncle Antonio decided it was time to take in the olive harvest. Juan had grown to love the beautiful gray-green trees, with their small leaves and spreading branches. He would often sit in their shade to eat his bread and oil.

"Why don't all the trees bear fruit?" he asked Antonio. For he had seen that some of them did not have a single olive.

"Those that have no fruit are resting," Antonio answered. "Olive trees take a vacation every other year. They are wiser than men," he added laughing. "We work all the time, and worry when we have nothing to do."

Then Antonio went on, with a smile:

"Yes, trees are very fine things—better even than flowers which give us only their beauty, while the trees give us beauty and food and shade."

Juan wondered what his uncle would have said about the sea if he had known what it was like. It made Juan unhappy to think that none of the people he knew in El Olivar had ever seen the sea.

For some time after this, Antonio and Juan and Joselito and two neighbors and their wives spent the whole day, from sunrise to sunset, picking olives. They picked not only in their own field, but in those of Don Alonso, as well. The men would shake the trees gently, for olives bruise easily and look ugly when preserved, if they have been thumped about.

Don Alonso paid only one peseta a day to the men, and three pence to the women and children for a long day's work. Sometimes the workers were cross about this, and would speak of it among themselves. Juan was sure that they would have complained more if Don Alonso had been an ordinary gentleman farmer but, since he was a bullfighter, they said nothing. As for himself, he was glad to get a little money to give his grandmother.

The big, round olives were put in boxes and sent into Seville to be salted and preserved and packed into glass bottles. The smaller ones were carried in baskets to the oil mill, where they were pressed by a big stone roller pulled round and round by a mule until every drop of oil was squeezed out. Once the oil was all taken out, it was put into gray clay jars and laid away in a corner of the house, not to be used until the next year, for oil, like wine, is better for being kept stored.

The stones of the olives were afterward laid out to dry, and would be used for fuel in the funny little copper braziers that people used for warming themselves in the winter.

During the days of the harvest, the village smelled of oil. When the milling was over the people held a fiesta



at the mill—which had been thoroughly aired and cleaned—and men and women from other villages came to join in the singing and the dancing. The young girls wore their prettiest frocks and fringed silk kerchiefs round their necks and the young men their Sunday suits. They all played the castanets and danced to the music of one or two guitars. Being so near Seville, the favorite dance was naturally the *sevillanas*. It is danced in fours, that is, two men and two women are in each of the many groups that dance at the same time. Often someone will break into a song and that is the signal for the dancers to change their steps.

Juan enjoyed it all very much. He and the other village children ran about and clapped their hands for the singers and dancers, and ate salted chickpeas.

On such days even old, old women wear flowers in their hair. Juan picked two beautiful red carnations and gave one to his grandmother and the other to Solita who stuck it into one of her dark braids.

He also cried "Olé!" with the others, when any of the performers were specially good.

After the fiesta was over, Juan had a surprise. One of his uncle's friends said to him: "Juan, how would you like to visit in a village where they are pressing the grapes to make wine? You may stay with my family as long as you like, to see the singing and the dancing."

"Does Uncle Antonio say that I may go?" Juan asked.

"Yes, he has said so. And we are to start as soon as you are ready."

Juan ran into the house, and was surprised to find that his grandmother had already made a bundle of the things he would need.

He stayed for a whole week in the neighboring village, to see the celebrations while the wine was being made. Here the people followed the old-time custom of pressing the grapes with their feet. The grapes were brought in from the country and thrown onto

the stone floor of a large room. There were holes in the floor, and several men dressed in white jumped on the grapes with their bare feet until every drop of juice had run away through the holes into big barrels down below. The juice of red grapes stained their hands



"Olive trees take a vacation every other year," Uncle Antonio explained to Juan and Joselito

and feet and clothes, but nobody seemed to mind.

Best of all, Juan liked the singing and joking and dancing after the grapes had all been pressed. He made many new friends, but he missed his grandmother and Solita, and was glad to get back to El Olivar.

—This is from a new book, "Juan, Son of the Fisherman," published by Longmans, Green & Company, New York.

LOOK at the sky!

The winds are driving the clouds.

Leaving his brothers at work, a little wind

Steals off to do mischief.

Rushing down a street he pulls the signboards and doors.

He tears the hats from people's heads, he drives the leaves.

Here he lifts a roof, there he breaks a pane.

Then, wearied of his mischief,

He hastens to help a fisherman.

Catches the sail, blows hard to make the boat fly.
Jancis' kite will not rise;

Along comes the wind and up it soars.

"Hurray! Hurray!" the boy cries.

Clothes are hung to dry in the yard.

One, two, three and it's done when the wind arrives.

Tired out at last he climbs a fir bough.

Curled up and sleeps.

Below all is quiet and peace.

—The Latvian Junior Red Cross Magazine



CULVER SERVICE

In the 1850's in the Bay of Biscay a double waterspout tore off parts of the masts of the sailing ship, "Bléroie Castle"

The Pathfinder of the Sea

E. MARK PHILLIPS

A STIFF WIND on her starboard quarter, white sails billowing like clouds, the war sloop *Falmouth* fled south through the night towards Rio.

In his cabin her young sailing master, Matthew Fontaine Maury, was making entries in his nautical log book. He was tired. His body ached and his mind cried out for sleep. For days he had hardly left the quarterdeck. Crouched over the binnacle watching the compass, bellowing orders as they weathered gales or crept through the doldrums, he had tried to make the best of a bad situation.

The *Falmouth* was his first command. He had wanted to make a speedy run to Rio, but he had failed. With winds and currents against him, there was little he could do.

The door opened, and the wind rushed in. The whale-oil lamp rocked madly in its gimbals, sending up a cloud of sooty smoke. Maury nodded to the ship's tall, gray-haired surgeon.

"She's picking up her skirts like a lady now," he said.

"Yes, and you had better get into your bunk," the doctor told him. "Sleep will do you more good than all that everlasting figuring."

"This is the last entry."

The older man looked at the log. "Well, you're the master, but it looks like work for nothing to me. What good is all this stuff

about winds and currents and temperatures and barometer readings, now you have passed over the lane."

A light of enthusiasm burned in young Maury's blue eyes. "Too many sailing masters have looked at it just like that," he said. "Why, when I learned I was to run the *Falmouth* down to Rio, I tried to learn something about this route. I went to the Navy files and pulled out all the old logs that have been there since we have had a Navy. I looked through the nautical logs of fifty merchantmen that had made this trip. I found almost nothing."

The surgeon chuckled. "You know your Bowditch Navigation Rules, don't you? And, remember, men sailed ships even before Bowditch's time and asked no odds."

"Yes, and many of them never came back to tell anything, either. But, when so many ships have sailed this way, wouldn't you think I could learn what sort of winds and currents I'd be apt to run into?"

"Well, currents and winds are in God's hands, my boy. Be thankful you have a sextant, and the sun and stars to set your compass by."

But for Matthew Maury that was not enough. After the other had gone, he sat on, thinking about the voyage that was behind them, of the days wasted because he could only blunder on, taking whatever of storms and currents and calms that came his way.

For years ships had been sailing over these waters; yet almost nothing had been recorded about all these things for the information of other sailing masters. For a long time Maury had known something should be done about this. Now he had made up his mind that he would do that something.

When the time came to go to Washington, Matthew's father would not tell him good-bye. He left for the five hundred mile trip on a borrowed horse, without a cent in his pockets. He was barely nineteen in that year of 1825.

Five years of travel followed. New worlds opened before the boy born in Spotsylvania County, Virginia, and brought up on a Tennessee plantation. Revolutions were breaking out like the measles in the Central and South American colonies. Everything was unsettled down there. United States commerce had to be protected. European countries had to learn to keep hands off the new republics coming to life. So Uncle Sam's white-sailed warships went down to patrol the southern waters, and Midshipman Maury went along.

When he came back with his ship some three years later, he had been around the world. He had seen strange sights and learned much about far countries, and he had begun to wonder about the sea. What was on the floor of the ocean? Was one unmarked lane across the seas as good as another? Was it chance that brought ships good or bad voyages? Or were there unknown laws that controlled the storms and the winds and the currents in their paths? Maury thought there were laws—laws that man should learn. And because he thought it, before many years he was to chart lanes across the seas that would



One of Maury's charts showing varying depths in the Atlantic Ocean

be of priceless value to mariners and the world of commerce.

Fate, in the form of a severe accident, was to lead him to this work. A stagecoach in which he was riding was overturned. Maury's leg was broken at the knee so that he was lamed for life and had to give up active sea duty. He was married now and had a small, growing family. He was also helping support his parents, though the salary of a lieutenant of the Navy was only fifteen hundred dollars a year.

He had already published a book on navigation that was later to be used as a textbook in the Naval Academy at Annapolis. Now he began doing a series of articles on badly needed naval reforms. The articles attracted the favorable notice of the Navy Department, and Maury was put in charge of its depot for charts and instruments at a salary of three thousand dollars.

Now he began to work in earnest on the plan that had been in his mind when he had sailed the *Falmouth* down to Rio eight years before. He began figuring out the charts of currents and winds that would some day tell sailors when and how it was quickest and safest to sail to every port in the world.

Little by little, American shipping masters began sending to Washington the information he needed. On blank charts he had furnished them they would set down at stated periods of the day, the direction and force of the winds and the currents, the barometer readings, the temperature of the air and the water, the deep-sea soundings, the position of the ship, the rate of travel. At the end of a voyage these charts went back to the depot in Washington. Before Maury finished, he had gathered information that covered more than two million days of travel.

At first the information came in slow, reluctant dribbles. Most sailing masters thought it was just extra useless work for which they would not be paid.

Maury refused to give up. He had faith in himself and in the thing he was doing. Fortunately, so did a few of the sea captains. They sent him what information they could. Out of the old Navy logs he dug more.

After six years a few wind and current charts with sailing directions were completed. Very little attention was paid to them. Most ships did not even carry them. Then Maury finished charting a lane to Rio de Janeiro. At that time the route to the Brazilian port was important to commerce. With the average

run of luck, it took eighty-five days for the voyage from Boston to Rio, and one hundred fifteen days for the return.

The master of a great ship ready to sail from Baltimore to Rio had faith in Maury. He took his charts and his sailing directions and followed the lane marked off. The voyage out and back was made in eighty-seven days!

The maritime world opened its eyes. Maury was asked for charted lanes and sailing directions for other routes.

Two splendid clippers, the *Flying Cloud* and the *Archer*, raced the fifteen thousand miles from New York, down around Cape Horn and up to San Francisco, following the lanes Maury marked off for them and using his sailing directions.

They came into San Francisco harbor just three hours apart. That voyage usually required one hundred and eighty days. This time it had been run in less than ninety.

The United States warship *San Francisco*, carrying hundreds of soldiers, was disabled in a hurricane far off the New Jersey coast. Ships that had sighted and then lost her brought back the news that she was drifting and in great danger of foundering.

Only one man could find her, the man who knew winds and the course of storms. The Secretary of the Navy sent for Matthew Maury while two rescue clippers awaited instructions.

Maury, taking a chart of the part of the Atlantic where the *San Francisco* was last seen, explained what the winds and the currents at that point would do to a helpless ship. With his blue pencil he made a cross on the chart before him.

"When help reaches her, Mr. Secretary," he said, "she will be there."

And there they found her.

At last Maury had made the whole civilized world, not seamen alone, know the worth of his "Charts of Winds and Currents" and his "Sailing Directions." Few shipping masters would sail without them. The data he needed now came pouring into his office in a steady stream.

He had shortened the passage to almost every port that drew ships of trade. Millions of dollars were saved to the commerce of the United States alone. Foreign commerce was profiting in a like manner. Dangers of navigation were cut in half.

(Concluded on page 51)

A Drop of Milk

VICTOR WOLFGANG VON HAGEN

Illustration by Antonio Sotomayor

PART II

"THERE HE IS." The Indian women shouted, as Enrique came into the courtyard with the milk. And they began to churn about the fountain in the center of the garden. Everyone was waiting, the Mother Superior, the three nuns standing about the fountain, Doctor Garcia who examined the babies. Enrique stopped, tied the mule, and began to unloosen the rope that held the milk cans. The Mother Superior came over to him, her large coronet fluttering up and down like the white wings of a sea gull.

"Hurry, Enrique, hurry," she said. And to the gatekeeper, "Domingo, help him untie these cans."

"Enrique," she said very quietly, "you are late again. What kept you this morning?"

His face turned from its light bronze to red. He tipped his little "beany" as he always did when he spoke to the Mother Superior.

"The mule," he stammered. "I am sorry, the mule." He searched for a better excuse.

The nun looked at him intently for a moment, and then smiled faintly.

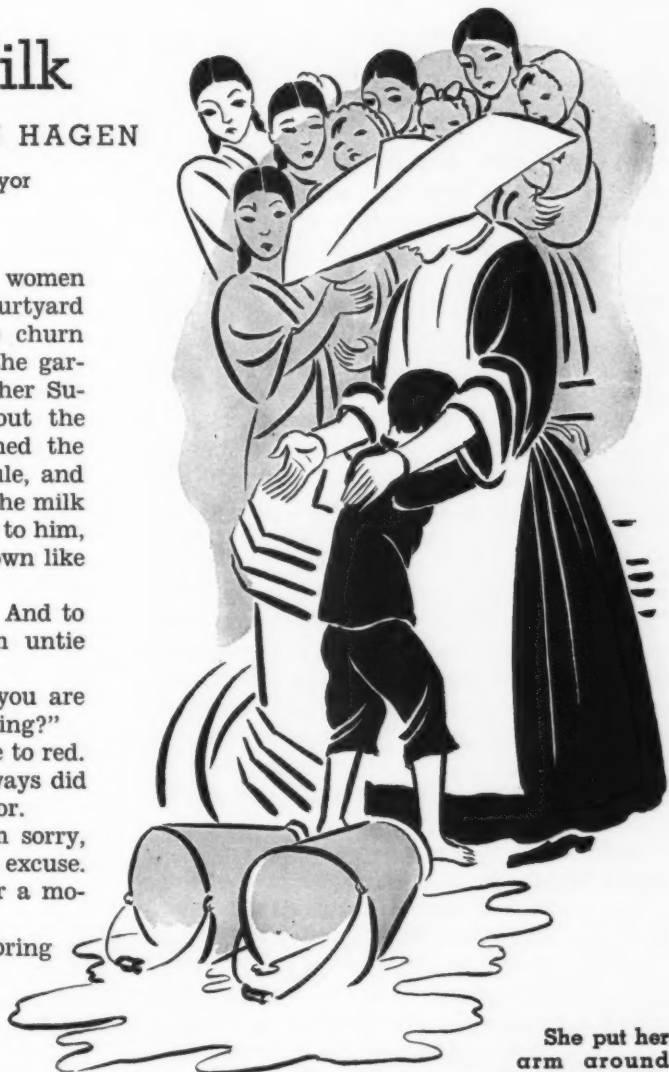
"Very well, Enrique, the mule—now bring the cans over to the fountain and pour the milk in those white pails."

He lifted the can and poured in the milk until all five pails were filled.

"All right, Sisters," said the Mother Superior to the other sisters, dressed as she was in blue habits, with white aprons and flapping coronets. "Now please line up all the women with their babies."

A noise like water breaking gently over rocks rose in the garden as the Indian mothers, each with a baby in her arms or tied to her back like a papoose, shuffled forward. The babies had the same flashing black eyes as their mothers, the same black hair braided, or tied with colorful hair ribbons. A year ago all these babies had been underfed. Now, with the "Gota de Leche," they got fresh milk free, three times weekly. A great change had taken place in a year. They were fat and rosy.

The mothers were more content, too. They worked with their husbands on their small



She put her arm around Enrique who was now crying softly

farms, tilling the corn and beans they grew near their adobe houses. The women made the large earthen pots, in which they cooked all that they would sell in the plaza on Sunday. Sometimes, too, when they had time, they might weave a Panama hat to sell at the Fair. Little time had they to attend to all their children. Now, with fresh milk and a doctor to attend to them free, life was easier, people were healthier.

The babies were beginning to cry softly. They had been awake since dawn and had been carried into the city for miles.

"We are ready now, Doctor, to serve the milk," said the Mother Superior.

The doctor peered into the milk pails.

"You are sure, Madre, that this milk is good? You know that there is an epidemic

now and most of the water is filled with germs. If we gave these people milk with bad water in it, it would ruin all the progress we have made."

The nun said: "Enrique and his mother live outside the city and take good care of their cows. They are very trustworthy and have supplied the convent with milk for years. I know what would happen if the milk were bad. Most of these babies would sicken and die." She walked over to the sisters:

"Very well, you may begin now." They plunged their dippers into the milk.

Enrique had been listening intently to the talk between the doctor and the Mother Superior. "The water was bad," they said. He had put water into the milk from the city pipes. His mother had always told him to be careful about the water for the cows. These babies were about to drink impure city water. He held a milk can tightly in his hands. What should he do? Run? No. There was only one thing. He quickly brought up the can, as if to throw it over his shoulder. He was near to the milk pails. He purposely brushed against them.

"Look out," the sisters called; "look out for the milk pails!"

Down three of the pails went, spilling their contents into the fountain.

"Look out, Enrique!" He turned as if ignorant of what he had done and swung his big can into the other pails. They fell into the plaza, splashing milk over the Indians, and spread a blanket of white on the stone walk.

A groan went up from the Indians. The children wailed.

The doctor was very angry. He came over to Enrique. "You ought to be punished. You ought to be thrashed," he said.

Enrique retreated to the side of the Mother Superior.

"He didn't mean to do it, Doctor," she said soothingly. "Well, the milk is spilt, there is nothing more we can do about it." She put her arm around Enrique who was now crying softly and drew him into the folds of her great starched skirt. To the Indian women she said:

"We are very sorry about the milk, señoras. There is no more. Next Wednesday we will have a double portion." The Indians, with their babies howling, crowded around her. "No. No," she said, "No milk. Wednesday, next Wednesday. Yes, that's the day. Now, good-bye. Adios," she repeated, patting a fat baby on its cheeks. "Good-bye, good-bye."

The Indians milled out through the convent gate, which Domingo had thrown open. Soon the plaza was cleared. Only Enrique, still sobbing in the skirts of the Mother Superior, remained. Between sobs he reached into his pockets, took out the six sures and offered it to buy more milk. She closed his hand over the money.

"There's more to it," he blubbered. "I have a con—confession—" He could not go on, but buried his face deeper in the folds of her skirt.

"Now, now," she said soothingly, "there is no need to cry. You didn't mean to knock over the cans. Do you think we will forget that all this time you have come faithfully three times a week to bring us this milk? Come, come, straighten your tie, and get ready for school."

Enrique stood shamefaced before the nun. His face was tear-stained. She pushed back his unruly mop of hair.

"Now hurry, or you'll be late for school, too."

Enrique murmured an "Adios" under his breath and moved toward the big convent gate. He had put his hand on the small door and was about to open it when the Mother Superior spoke again:

"Enrique, I hear that a poor old woman, who lives next to Pacho, the charcoal burner, needs six sures to buy medicine for a sick child. Six sures is not much, but it will be everything to her. It would be nice if someone would help her."

A cold chill ran up Enrique's spine. She knew! He didn't turn around. He kept his back to her. He said very low:

"I understand, Madre."

Then he opened the door and passed out into the streets of Cuenca.

THE END

Creatures of the Deep

WILLIAM BEEBE

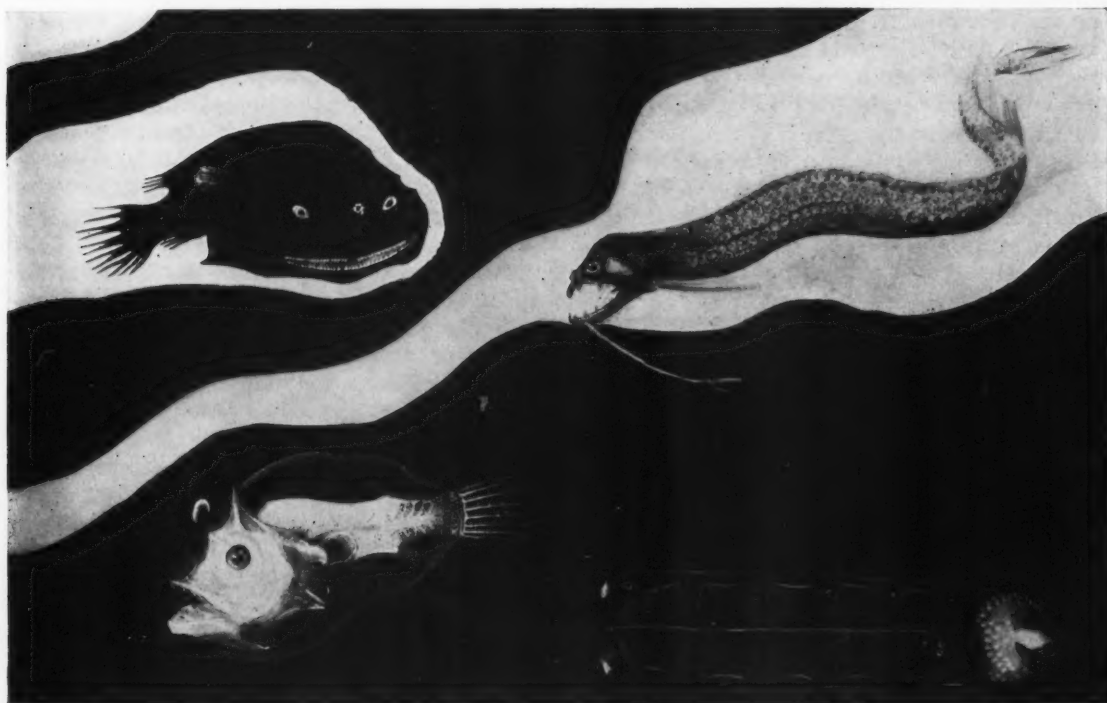
ALL THE LAND of all the continents together is less than one-half the area of the seven seas. We know a great deal about the land. We know a great deal about the air that envelops the earth. But we know comparatively little about the vast deep. We are especially ignorant of the creatures that dwell in it. Yet they are fascinating and beautiful and well worth our interest and close observation.

When I studied ants in the jungle I spent hours in a pit, so that my eyes came level with the ground, seeing life through the vision of an ant's eye. And when I watched fish, faintly through still water, or more clearly through a water glass, I wanted to have a real fish-eye view of watery life. Anyone can do this with a diving helmet. For example, if I want to know what a river or a shallow stretch of salt water between two islands is really like, I put on a bathing suit, and a pair of sneakers and

With a mouth like a Cheshire cat, the fish below catches small prey in its fine teeth, while the fish below it has a headlight like a miner's lantern

the helmet. My friends are in a rowboat all ready to pump and to pay out my air-line. I take the anchor over my shoulder and walk out into the water, towing the boat after me. When I see anything of interest I drop the anchor and go down to investigate it. I telephone to the boat an account of what I see on the bottom. When I collect a specimen, I climb the anchor rope and give it to someone in the bow of the boat. When the opposite shore is reached, I slowly emerge, my telephoned account is typed, and we know all about the underwater life of that particular place, as a fish might describe it, if it had no more important things to do. In the helmet we have now learned to take notes on water-proof paper, to take photographs, to make oil paintings, and even to shoot particular fish. Thus are we gradually making water one of our own elements, even as earth and air have always been. And all and any of you who are

The hundreds of blue and white lights on the body of the Viperfish below are reflected by its iridescent scales; below it, a transparent Salpa



reading this can do exactly the same things.

But with the diving helmet eighty feet is about as far down as one can go. With a complete diving suit and special helium breathing apparatus, human beings cannot go below five hundred feet. For years I had been longing to go down and see at first hand the weird creatures of the black depths which we had been bringing up in deep-sea nets. Finally with the help of a friend, Mr. Barton, this was made possible by means of a great steel ball, which I called the Bathysphere, from the Greek word, *bathys*, which means the sea depths. In this we went down twelve hundred, later twenty-two hundred, and finally three thousand and twenty-eight feet. This is five hundred fathoms, or more than half a mile.

The Bathysphere measured four and a half feet in diameter, weighed two and a half tons and was furnished with three windows and a door twenty inches across. The windows had to be made of fused quartz as any kind of glass would have been much too weak. We developed our own atmosphere with oxygen tanks, we absorbed our breathed-out carbon dioxide, and we had at our disposal a thousand-watt electric light and a telephone. At present this Bathysphere and the use of large nets drawn slowly through various depths, and dredges which scrape along the bottom, are the only means we have of learning about the deep sea and its inhabitants. So you get an idea of the great difficulties of any thorough study of the deep sea, and of the great need for new methods to improve our present feeble, vague gropings for specimens. It is probable that we have so far caught only the smaller, less active creatures of the sea depths, for all the others could easily see the approaching net or dredge and avoid it without trouble.

As we descend into the depths of the open sea from the surface, three important things happen: For one thing, the temperature is lowered from the surface heat until finally it rests between the freezing points of fresh and salt water.

The water at that depth, however, can never actually freeze because of the immense pressure. At sea level our bodies support a weight of almost fifteen pounds of air on every square inch of our skin. When we were in the Bathysphere one half mile down, there were seven thousand tons of water pressing on the outside. Twenty tons of water pressed on each six inch circular window. At six miles down

the pressure would be roughly six tons on every square inch. This change in pressure is a second important happening.

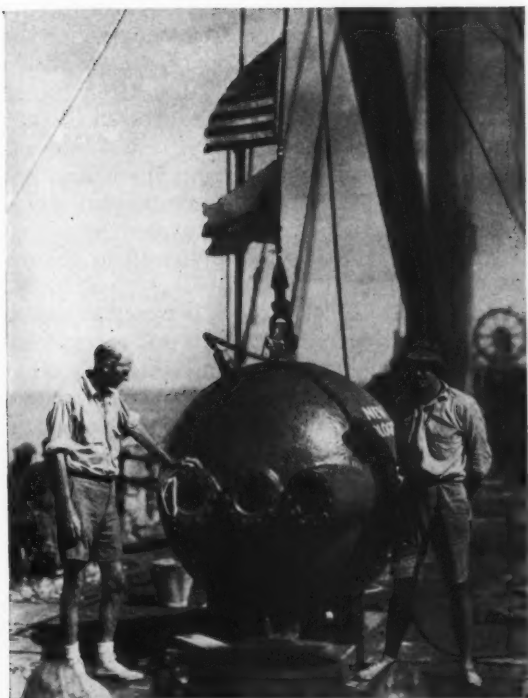
Then there is the change from light to utter darkness. At the surface we have full sunlight. As we go down, light fades, and at twenty-two hundred feet I remember that on one dive, the last gleams of faint light vanished from my straining eyes. From the beginning of time, as oceans know time—shall we say two billions of years?—this darkness has held unending sway in the depths of the sea.

So this is our realm, with bitter cold, terrific pressure, utter blackness, unchanging, unceasing. We know that in the upper zones there are rivers in the sea, such as the Gulf Stream, rivers of warm or of cold currents, flowing between banks of still water. Even on the bottom, far down, slow movements take place, but sluggishly, never enough to alter appreciably the general conditions.

On the land we have day and night, summer and winter, heat and cold, calm and storm. Here, in the ocean depths, nothing changes. Yet in appearance, structure, habits and development, the deep-sea folk outdo not only their surface relatives, but even the products of human imagination—devils, dragons, fairies, djinns and other monsters.

All are so wonderfully adapted to their strange haunts that they cannot long survive being brought to the surface. The effects of decrease in temperature are not so strange to us who live in the air, for cold-blooded animals, such as turtles, adapt their body temperatures to those outside, and even warm-blooded mammals can hibernate and survive prolonged exposure to cold. Extreme pressure is a difference rather of degree than of kind, for on the surface, where, as I have already said, the pressure of air is fifteen pounds to the square inch, each of our bodies is withstanding a weight of about four tons. The great submarine increase does not always cause flabbiness, for many deep-sea creatures are quite firm when brought up.

Darkness is another thing altogether, and this is responsible for much of the strange appearance of the fish of the abysses. In some cases the eyes have increased in size until they are one fourth as large as the entire animal, or they may have vanished altogether, leaving empty sockets. Just as a blind man taps the street ahead with his cane as he walks, so blind fish usually develop long, slender tentacles or fin rays which extend out in



Beebe and Barton with the Bathysphere

all directions. They have, besides, special organs on the skin which register delicate changes of pressure in the water, and thus signal the approach of friend or enemy through the murk.

The most interesting thing about fish and squids and other deep-sea people is their light organs. No words can ever make real to you the power, the beauty and the color of the living lights I saw as I looked out of my Bathysphere window. Many of the creatures which come up in our nets are still alive, and in a dark room their lights flash and gleam. These lights may be single or in clusters; they may be violet, rose, green or white; they sometimes have gleaming reflectors, and may sink into concealing sockets, or turn on and off at the will of the fish. They are probably of use in attracting mates, or revealing enemies. When a light is perched on the tip of a long tentacle and attached to a wriggling bit of tissue, it unquestionably serves as a lure, enticing unwary victims within reach.

In this world of blackness, in the enormous expanse of the ocean depths where there is absolutely no plant life, two things become evident. Every creature is a meat eater, each feeding upon some other living organism. When some fish or squid dies a natural death

the body drifts slowly down toward the bottom through this natural refrigerator which keeps it from spoiling until some hungry mouth engulfs it. Furthermore, as food is relatively scarce in the depths, the deep-sea creature must be able quickly to seize and swallow any meal that comes his way. So, in a great many deep-sea fish the mouth is enormous, often half the entire animal, and the stomach can stretch beyond belief. A hungry dragonfish swimming along, suddenly sees by the rays of his searchlight a fish considerably, perhaps three times, larger than he. Although he himself in general may look little different from a fingerling trout, yet he rushes at this giant apparition, and in some unknown way is able to seize it without himself being swallowed, and to engulf it alive. The stomach is now stretched so that the walls are thin as tissue, and through them the Bathysphere observer can clearly see the rolled up prey, eyes, scales, and all.

Of one thing we are certain, that all the living creatures in the deep-sea were derived from surface or shore forms. In past ages they either drifted slowly down, down through the water into ever colder and ever blacker haunts, or they swam or crept down the slope, from the shore with its waves and reefs. So we often find faint resemblances to habits of life as we know them in surface creatures. At the same time we notice ways in which the deep-sea dwellers have become adapted to this new home, so perfect that they leave us breathless with wonder, whether we are scientists or just appreciative, curious human beings.

Many of us have seen a squid or octopus, in an aquarium or in shallow water along the shore, shoot out its little inky cloud as a defense when alarmed or attacked. It forms a perfect smoke screen to hide its retreat. It really is ink, by the way, the sepia ink with which we write or draw. Any such cloud as this would be utterly useless in the black depths of cold ocean, and yet we find not only squids but even great scarlet shrimps, which lay down a defensive screen. In their case however, it is a fiery cloud, a substance which diffuses rapidly through the water, becoming brighter and brighter, and dazzling any enemy within its zone of light. I have had a small shrimp put quickly into an aquarium after being brought up from a half mile down. It shot out this substance, and filled all the water with its glow.

(Concluded on page 45)

American Junior Red Cross NEWS

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NO. 2

National Officers of the American Red Cross

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Your Calendar Tells a Story

IF YOUR CALENDAR is not hanging on the schoolroom wall, look it up, for you are missing something if it isn't there.

The pictures on the CALENDAR tell a story of the building of our Democracy. This building has called on the hands and hearts and minds of a great many different kinds of people and of people from many different lands. Through the years, children and young people have had their share in making Democracy work. They still have their share, for, as Mr. Nicholson said in his editorial in the September News, they, too, have a social responsibility for the good of all. Moreover, the building of Democracy is never done. It has to go on and on; and so, if we are to keep it working, we must continue to take "all care of each other's good."

In this and every issue of the News, you will find examples of how members of the American Junior Red Cross have been looking out for others by contributions to the National Children's Fund; by sending Gift Boxes abroad; through help in getting brailled stories to children in schools for the blind; by sewing and knitting for children who are war victims in China and Europe; by sending small gifts and goodwill tokens to children in local hospitals; by looking out for safety at home and at school; by many other helpful activities. On every page of the CALENDAR are suggestions for such activities.

In this issue of the News we have, too, a

story that ties up with the CALENDAR picture for this month as well as with the one for the month of February. Filippo Mazzei was a friend of Thomas Jefferson and often talked over with him the ideas expressed in the Declaration of Independence. He was a believer in Democracy and spoke his beliefs not only in this country, but again and again when he went back to Europe. Moreover, Mazzei was an Italian who shared in the development of our land.

Sometimes, Americans have a way of speaking as if the early builders of our country all came from England. Nothing could be farther from the truth. The Spanish settlers were here before the first English settlement in 1607 in Jamestown; they were ahead of the Pilgrim colony started at Plymouth in 1620.

The early Virginia colonists turned to France and the Rhineland and Italy for men trained in growing vineyards and cultivating silk; to Hamburg for good German carpenters; to Poland for men skilled in making tar and pitch for shipbuilding; to Flanders for weavers; to Scandinavia for makers of soap with ashes, and for planters of hemp and flax. So, from the very beginning, our country was built by people of many lands and men and women and children of many lands have continued to build the United States of America. The picture on the February CALENDAR page illustrates this fact, and the quotation beneath the picture shows the need for respect and unity among all of us who make up this Democracy, and must help to make it work.

Important Announcements

ENROLLMENT of schools in the American Junior Red Cross will come during November 11-30. Schools whose enrollment would end next spring are asked to re-enroll in November, so that there may be a nationwide Junior Red Cross enrollment during the time of the national senior Roll Call. The schools enrolled will become members for the year 1942.

ALL ABOARD for Europe, Asia, and islands in the Atlantic and Pacific: Are your Gift Boxes ready for shipment? Remember: Send only what you would send to a friend.

THOUSANDS of schoolrooms in the Western Hemisphere are planning to listen to the School of the Air of the Americas in the mornings, Monday to Friday, during the school year, beginning October 6. See page 13 of the September News.

Filippo Mazzei, American Patriot

CATHERINE CATE COBLENTZ

FILIPPO MAZZEI was a Christmas baby, and was born in the Duchy of Tuscany, in Italy, in the year 1730. When he grew up he studied medicine. Like most young men he wanted to travel. His first opportunity to do this took him to Smyrna with some Jewish people with whom he lived for a time.

After that he traveled in Europe and then went to London, with the idea of going to South America. But instead, he remained in England many years. He had a shop in London where he sold luxuries from Tuscany, wines from its grapes, oil from its olive trees, and candied fruits and Italian silks.

Once the Grand Duke of Tuscany, who was his friend, wrote asking Mazzei to buy him two stoves. Mazzei called on Benjamin Franklin, who was then in London, because he knew that Franklin had invented a good stove.

Through Franklin, Mazzei came to know other Americans then in England. Most of these were Virginians who became his customers and began to urge Mazzei to go to America and raise grapes and olives there. A company could be formed for financing this venture, they said, and he might even start silk culture in Virginia.

Silk culture had always fascinated the colonists. The first group of Italian silk workers had been brought to Georgia by Oglethorpe, and the Queen of England had actually worn a dress fashioned of the Georgian silk. But, even more important to the Americans in London than silk raising was the idea of having their own vineyards and raising their own grapes. Thomas Jefferson was especially interested in bringing grape culture and other industries to the New World.



COURTESY, CALIFORNIANS, INC.

Filippo Mazzei, friend of Thomas Jefferson, tried to bring to America grapes like these now grown at the Mont La Salle Vineyards of the Christian Brothers at Napa, California

Mazzei finally decided to go to North America. So he began gathering eggs of silk worms from Italy and Sicily, and grape vines from the provinces of Champagne, Burgundy, Languedoc, Nice, Tuscany, Naples and Sicily. He chose olive trees, too, from Provence, Lucca and Nice, from Languedoc, Genoa, and Florence, trees bearing the best olives for pickling. Finally he hired a dozen skilled Italian workers and cultivators who agreed to work for him a certain number of years.

The Grand Duke of Tuscany must have helped Mazzei a good deal, for as soon as he reached Virginia, Mazzei sent back gifts from the

colony to the Duke. These included three deer, some cardinals and a rattlesnake.

Mazzei found that the Virginia House of Burgesses had set aside five thousand acres of land for his experiments. But, since this land was in separated tracts, he declined it. Instead, he settled on a piece of land in Albemarle County adjoining Monticello, the home of Thomas Jefferson. Very quickly Jefferson and Mazzei became friends, and Jefferson gave his new friend two thousand acres. With the aid of laborers from Monticello and of the Italians he had brought with him, Mazzei soon had his gardens growing, his vineyards started, his house erected. He called his estate "Colle in Albemarle," after Colle, one of the cathedral towns in Tuscany.

Mazzei found the climate too cold for his olive and lemon trees, but fine for raising grapes. He sought out the American varieties also. The shoots of some of these wild varieties produced so many vines when transplanted that Vincenzo Rossi, his chief workman, begged Mazzei not to write of this "to

our village in Italy, since they won't believe it, and you will pass for a liar."

The sturdiness of these American vines was to have a sequel in history long after Mazzei's death, when the grapevines of Europe were apparently doomed by a disease which luckily the American vines could resist. Roots of the American grapes were transplanted across the sea, and the European varieties were grafted on them. In this way the vineyards of the Old World were saved.

But Mazzei did more than bring new plants and methods of cultivation to Virginia. He got into politics and contributed his services and his liberal ideas at an exciting time in our history. For in the days of Mazzei's experiments, another fruit was ripening—the fruit of the discussions of many men, the American Revolution.

When the British first landed troops in Virginia, Mazzei, together with Jefferson, joined the Independent Company as a private, and so did three of his workmen from Tuscany. The English, hearing of the approaching Company, hurriedly re-embarked.

Mazzei went to Williamsburg, the colonial capital, to see the governor of Virginia and became a naturalized citizen of Virginia which was still, of course, an English colony. He met Virginia's outstanding men, men such as Washington, Patrick Henry and others, and was soon deep in argument with them. He even was elected overseer of the poor, which greatly pleased his Italian laborers.

But Mazzei's greatest pride was his friendship with Jefferson. The two shared many ideas about liberty and the form of government most likely to foster their ideals. Jefferson encouraged Mazzei to write down his ideas, which he did, in his native language. Jefferson was a student of Italian, so he translated Mazzei's essays and they were published.

In one of them occurs a phrase which evidently impressed Thomas Jefferson. This was to the effect that all men are created free and equal. Jefferson was to use almost the same words in the Declaration of Independence. To his friend Mazzei he gave one of the first copies of that document, and Mazzei in turn gave this to the French Countess of Tesse, a great-aunt of Lafayette.

Moreover, Mazzei translated the Declaration of Independence into Italian, and sent it to his old friend, the Grand Duke of Tuscany. The Grand Duke was a brother of the Queen of France, Marie Antoinette, who was thought to be friendly to the American cause.

At this time the colonies were greatly in need of money to carry on their struggle for independence, and it was suggested that Mazzei be sent to Europe to borrow some, possibly from the Grand Duke himself. Jefferson asked the Continental Congress to send Mazzei. But as he had no reply to his letter, it was decided that the money could be borrowed for and in the name of Virginia.

Mazzei was willing to undertake the trip to serve "his country." By this time he had renounced his allegiance to the King of England and had taken an oath of allegiance to the Commonwealth of Virginia. Besides borrowing money abroad, he was to purchase supplies for the army, get more colonists, probably from Italy, and do whatever else might forward the cause of independence.

Before setting out, Mazzei sold his household goods and leased Colle in Albemarle to a prisoner of war, a Hessian baron, General Riedesel. The baron was a poor tenant, for he loosed his horses on the estate, and the vineyards and gardens were destroyed within a week.

If the Italian laborers had remained, this might have been prevented. But their time of service was up. Some had joined the American army. Others had settled in homes of their own, while some had become gardeners for wealthy Virginians.

Mazzei had more bad luck. His ship was captured by the English. He put all his papers in a sack, weighted it with shot, and dropped it overboard into the sea. He was, however, held a prisoner on Long Island for a time. Finally he was sent to Ireland, and from there he escaped to France. Here he could not carry out his instructions, for he had no credentials. Naturally no one would lend money or sell goods to a man who had no papers to show that he represented Virginia.

Benjamin Franklin, who was in France at that time, did not approve of Mazzei's mission. He believed that only Congress and not the individual colonies should borrow money. So when copies of Mazzei's instructions came through, Franklin must have mislaid them. At any rate Mazzei did not get them.

But Mazzei was not idle. He outlined in a letter to Jefferson and probably to Rochambeau, a plan for military movements which was used and eventually brought victory to the Americans at Yorktown. He interested many Frenchmen in the American cause. He was constantly on the lookout for possible new industries for the country he loved. He

suggested the raising of indigo; and before he returned to America, he visited the Languedoc canal to learn all about it, thinking it would be necessary to build similar waterways in Virginia.

When he came home, the war for independence had been won. When he reached Virginia, he was disappointed to learn that Jefferson was not there. He had taken Franklin's place at the Court of France. He wrote Mazzei offering him the use of Monticello,



These olives are being harvested, not in Italy or in Spain, but in Orland, California

since Mazzei's own home, from which the Hessian baron had long since departed, was not furnished.

Mazzei visited many friends, among them General Nelson and the Marquis de Lafayette.

He breakfasted with Washington. He stayed for a time with James Monroe. He obtained money for his services to the colonies, and purchased some property in Richmond, and some Virginia State bonds. Then, suddenly, he returned to Europe. Some think it was because he was disappointed in not being made a consul for the United States, which had a rule that all its consuls must be native-born. Others think he went to see Jefferson. He never returned to the United States.

But he was not through serving America. At that time there was no dependable history of this country in France. So Mazzei wrote one. In the history, he always speaks of America as "my country," of Americans as "my countrymen."

After exciting adventures in France, Mazzei returned to Italy, and there in 1805, Henry Latrobe, an American, who was born in England of French descent, wrote asking him to find a sculptor to work on the Capitol of the United States. Though Mazzei was seventy-five years old, he went at once to Rome and chose two sculptors—Joseph Franzoni and John Andrei. When he wrote that these men were ready to sail, he stated that he regretted that he had not some fruit trees to send with them, as he had intended.

But what of the vines, the fruit trees and plants Mazzei had brought to the New World years before? While it is true that his own gardens and vineyards were destroyed, he must have given some of these to his neighbors, for when Latrobe wrote asking for the sculptors, he said, "The time is already approaching when our vines . . . will spread your name and our gratitude over a great portion of our country."

Perhaps in bringing a shipload of seedlings, plants, grafts and fruit trees, and in spreading the idea of liberty, Mazzei made greater gifts to America than if he had been able to borrow the whole fortune of the Grand Duke of Tuscany.

Creatures of the Deep

(Continued from page 41)

Things such as these shake a scientist out of his technical calm, and make all of us eager to know more of this weird world which exists at our very doors, within one hundred miles of our Atlantic coast from Maine to Florida and equally on the Pacific side. There is so much to learn. Perhaps some day when

swords are turned into plowshares, submarines may be transformed into Bathyspheres, and instead of filling the sea with sunken ships and drowned men, will fill the minds of living human beings with facts, absolutely true, but strange as fairy tales, and actual stories which excel anything in the Arabian Nights.



COURTESY MINNEAPOLIS DAILY TIMES

Making Money

for
THE NATIONAL CHILDREN'S
FUND

At left, members of the Junior Red Cross at the John Hay School in Minneapolis, Minnesota, stack up 175 silver dollars for the N.C.F.

THE NATIONAL CHILDREN'S FUND needs your support, and will need it more and more as time goes on. Here are a few ways of raising money for the Fund that have brought good results for other J. R. C. members:

Hammond, Indiana: Sold cocoa and doughnuts, popcorn, and had a chili lunch sale, penny days, movies, dances, exhibits, puppet shows (the J. R. C. members made their own puppets), special assemblies. One school made murals of Red Cross activity to create interest in the Fund. Others made posters for the halls.

Rutherford, N. J.: Union Junior High School made wooden initial pins and sold them for five cents apiece. Sale of newspapers netted \$3.37.

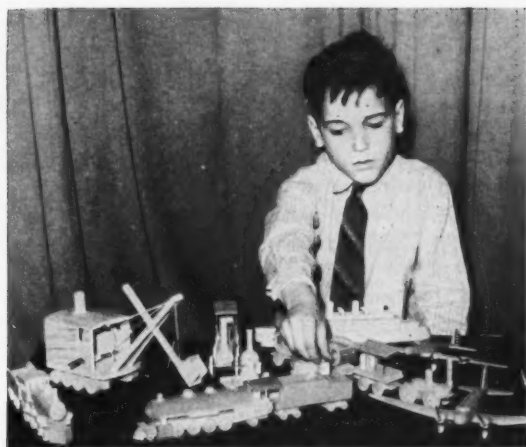
Brookline, Mass.: Members of Michael Driscoll School gave to the N.C.F. money usually spent for "funny books," gum, ice cream cones, candy and the movies.

Southeastern Pennsylvania Chapter: Media Branch gave a bazaar and included such attractions as a puppet show, rides on a patient

At left, proceeds from the duplicating business run by an eighth grade class at Langley Junior High, Washington, D. C., go to the N.C.F.



The Harmonica Club at School No. 8, Bronxville, Yonkers, N. Y., takes part in a benefit program



A hobby show was held at the Bedford Elementary School, Westport, Connecticut, for the benefit of the N.C.F. This was one exhibit

donkey, a white elephant sale, and a box lunch auction. Southampton Branch of the same Chapter gave a roller skating party for the Fund. Sixty-ninth Street Branch held a bazaar and all articles for sale were made by J. R. C. members.

Hillsdale, Ill.: Monroe School members gave a puppet show, making puppets, stage and scenery, and writing the story and songs, too. Parents as well as children from other schools were invited.

The dog show, for which two J. R. C. members in the picture at right are shown getting their spaniel ready, was run in an almost professional manner. The Secretary of the Virginia Kennel Club was asked to serve as a judge. Business concerns offered prizes for the best purebred dog, friendliest dog, most appealing puppy and largest dog; a gold cup was offered for the best mutt.

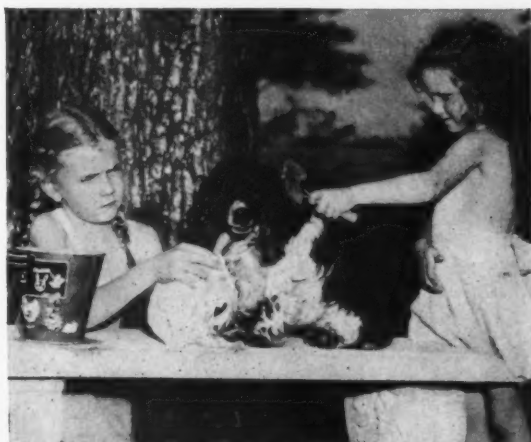
Newton, Massachusetts: An Art Club in one of the Junior Highs designed various articles which they sold at a P. T. A. meeting.

One of the pupils who took part in the preparations for the Flower Shop, shown in the picture at right, wrote: "Some of us took orders, some painted boards and orange crates a bright yellow, and some cleaned and decorated the room where the flowers were to be. On the afternoon of the sale, a group of children covered the pots of 244 plants in less than two hours." Plants were secured from florists for a nickel apiece, and sold for a dime each.



COURTESY MILWAUKEE SENTINEL

Nathan Hale Junior High girls, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, sold homemade cookies for the Fund



In Richmond, Virginia, J. R. C. members held a dog show; fees went to their Service Fund



The Rubel Avenue School Flower Shop, Louisville, Kentucky, netted \$11.85, sold more than 200 plants

J. R. C. Thousands for War Relief

MORE than twenty years ago, just at the end of the other World War, the National Children's Fund of the American Junior Red Cross was put to work to help children of Europe. Ever since then the Fund, made up of voluntary contributions of school boys and girls throughout the United States, has been working for children "in our own and other lands."

Year in and year out, money from the Fund pays for the plates and paper used in brailled stories for children in schools for the blind. Whenever there is a disaster, such as, for example, the great flood of 1937, the National Children's Fund, always ready for emergencies, is called on to help children who have suffered in the disaster.

Especially is the Fund needed now when the greatest of disasters, another World War, is ravaging the earth. The Fund is now at work helping children who are its victims. It will, of course, be kept at work, by the contributions of members of the American Junior Red Cross in thousands of schoolrooms throughout our land.

Money from it will pay ocean transportation costs on the 100,000 gift boxes which will soon set out for Europe, for Asia, for other American Republics, for Alaska, for islands in the Atlantic and the Pacific. Sometimes the small gifts in the boxes bring just a friendly greeting, sometimes they serve to cheer up boys and girls away from their parents and homes or orphaned by the war.

But the Fund has been doing much more than that. By the end of last March, contributions of American Junior Red Cross members for war relief passed \$213,000. And all of this has been put to work for children in Great Britain, Finland, Poland, France, Greece and China. It has been used to buy all sorts of things: a trainload of evaporated and dried milk, clothing, concentrated soups, chocolate, cocoa, prepared baby foods sent down to France from Geneva, Switzerland, for French children and refugees from Belgium and The Netherlands; clothing, bedding and medicines for children of Poland; shipments of clothing and food sent over the frozen Arctic Highway for children of Finland; vitamin tablets and other medicines flown by Clipper across the Pacific and carried by truck along the Burma Road to children in China.

The Fund sent \$3,000 to Greece, and \$2,000 of it was used to buy wool and material for clothing children of Greek soldiers who were in need; \$500 was spent for milk, currants and vitamins for undernourished children, and the rest for toothbrushes and paste, soap, "handy medicine chests" and tonics containing lime. All this, of course, helped the Greek Junior Red Cross members who were already doing a great deal in the way of war relief. Earlier relief to Greek children, left fatherless by the war, went on a ship sailing around the Cape of Good Hope and through the Suez Canal. It carried \$10,000 worth of cocoa as the gift of the American Junior Red Cross. The National Children's Fund contributed \$70,000 to homes for British children under five whose homes have been destroyed by bombs. The children live in cottages in safe places in the country. More than \$20,000 has been used to buy clothing and bedding for children evacuated from cities of Great Britain where air raids are most frequent, and \$500 has been spent for books and toys to help these children forget their unhappy experiences.

Here are the figures about the uses of your Fund for war relief as of last April. Since then more money has come in, but of course much more is needed if the American Junior Red Cross is going to continue to do its part. We count on the 9,750,000 members in the United States, continental, territorial and insular, never to let the Fund down:

Contributions:

Received through June 30, 1940..	\$ 74,177.02
Received July 1, 1940 to June 30, 1941	140,759.53
Appropriated from unrestricted contributions to National Children's Fund	5,000.00
Total Receipts	\$219,936.55

Appropriations:

Great Britain	\$ 91,500.00
Finland	20,000.00
Poland	20,000.00
France	60,000.00
Greece	13,000.00
China	8,308.88
Total Appropriations through June 30, 1941	\$212,808.88
Balance Available for War Relief.	\$ 7,127.67

News Parade

THIS is the month when American Junior Red Cross members, nine million strong, will join forces with senior Red Crossers in a war on home and farm accidents. And during Red Cross Home and Farm Accident Prevention Week boys and girls in school will give a real service by taking home the American Red Cross check list of accident hazards. They will make doubly sure that dangers which might otherwise be overlooked are listed and corrected. Each year more than four thousand farmers are killed by accident. A third of all accidents resulting in death, and more than half of all injuries, occur in and about the home, so you see it's a pretty serious business.

In Hammond, Indiana, Junior Red Cross members have a safety program which goes on all through the year. They write safety songs, give safety movies, read stories about safety, and they have assemblies, too, based on the idea of safety.

At the East Rivers School in Atlanta, Georgia, members make accident prevention posters which they place in the halls where

pupils can't help but see them. Movies are used at this school, too.

In Lynn, Massachusetts, students put on original skits dramatizing the causes and results of accidents in the home.

Rural Junior Red Cross members of Indiana, Pennsylvania, added a lot to the interest of a meeting of Red Cross First Aid instructors by making favors in the form of placecards. Parts of the placecards were printed, but lots of times sentences were completed by pictures or symbols. Here are some of the ideas used:

(1) Don't gamble with life. (Two dice were drawn on this placecard.) (2) Watch your (here a speedometer was sketched). (3) Don't play with (two matches were pasted to this placecard). (4) Obey signals. (A stop signal stood up on the placecard.) (5) Take time to be safe. (Here there were cemetery stones with the phrase underneath, "Welcome, fools.")

Won't you write and tell us what your school is doing to make school, home and farm safer?

HOLMES SCHOOL in Darien, Connecticut, has been tying in all its Junior Red Cross activities with the study of Latin America. This idea held true, even in their efforts to raise money for the N.C.F. For one thing, an exhibit was held of articles coming from South American countries, and there was a large collection, including hats, baskets, belts, jewelry, perfume, dolls, carved articles, music, knives, a gun, purses, handbags, woven cloth, boxes, trays, a shawl, linens, trinkets, a rug, gourds, scarfs, spurs. A concert for the Fund included a chorus of twenty-five boys and girls, as well as several piano solos. Before each selection a story about it was read by a pupil. From one of the steamship lines going to South America, the Juniors bor-

Many an injury is prevented when pupils learn to use tools properly, as these boys of Polytechnic Elementary School in Pasadena, California, are doing (from a correspondence album)





Orphaned by the war, these boys and girls of Shanghai, grateful for American Red Cross food, clothing, medicine, bravely await transport to a less dangerous area

rowed a sound film in color, "Incredible Rio," and got permission to charge admission. "It was a very beautiful picture, and much enjoyed by children and parents," one Junior Red Cross member wrote.

Throughout these activities boys and girls served as cashiers, ushers, guides, ticket collectors and sales people. Georgia Fickett, a student at Holmes School, tells about the last of these South American activities for the benefit of the N.C.F., a school sale:

"We decided to make and sell things which would have a little bit of South American atmosphere. Included were small notebooks and pads with covers containing pictures in color of South American scenes; dolls dressed as people in South America; belts of woven wool yarn with South American designs and colors; lapel pin ornaments of miniature hats in gay colors; articles made from tin cans; Mother's Day cards with South American scenes; paintings of South American scenes to be framed; block print cards of South American scenes; red, white and blue badges with J. R. C. on top; Chilean molasses cookies made by parents and pupils from a recipe found by one of the girls in the public library. The cookie recipe was sold too, neatly printed on our printing press by one of the boys, and made into booklets with South American scenes in color on the covers.

"We thank the Junior Red Cross organization for the privilege of being of service to others."

IN A SCHOOL correspondence album, members of the Eruoa Higher Elementary School, Victoria, Australia, said:

"Our work has increased greatly since the outbreak of the war. Money has been raised by gathering lavender from the school gardens, making it into bundles, and selling it. We hold tournaments at school—peg quoits, darts, table tennis and deck tennis—and charge a penny per game for entry fee. Both these methods of raising money have been successful. Previous to the outbreak of the war we occupied ourselves with knitting kneecaps for the paralysis victims, and collecting books and clothing for the people suffering after the very severe bush fires last summer."

ROSEMONT SCHOOL, Dallas, Texas, wrote State School 802 at Cornishtown, Victoria, Australia:

"Dear Juniors: Your beautiful album came to us about ten days ago. You told us so much about the things you do and the way you live that we feel as if you live right next door. Isn't it fun to have that nice warm feeling about other people?

"We are collecting materials for a portfolio to send you. And in it we plan to put some seeds from the plants we love best, here in our native state of Texas.

"The nice stamps you sent have certainly been in demand. Each child who received a stamp is returning one for your book. And we are looking forward to a lot of fun when we make the book. The two sixth-grade classes are doing it together. Many thanks for your album; we are very proud of it."

FOR MANY YEARS the Boston Junior Red Cross has carried on international school correspondence with countries all over the world. As a result, many fine exhibits have been made up which are circulated on request among the schools enrolled. In addition to these exhibits (one of them is pictured on page 51), a technicolor movie has been made showing activities of the Boston Junior Red Cross, and it is lent to Boston schools that have a projector. The movie is described

in the Junior Red Cross News Letter:

"Here are portrayed Juniors filling gift boxes for friends abroad, international school correspondence albums being made by sixth-graders, scrapbooks for children's hospitals being prepared.

"One of the most attractive parts of the film shows kindergarten children preparing Easter boxes—then viewing them at J. R. C. headquarters. Next the Motor Corps is seen starting out for children's hospitals with the gay collection of boxes.

"In another scene patients at the Chelsea Naval Hospital Recreation Hut are using cribbage and checker boards, while in the background are beautiful copper plant-stands and ash trays—all made by the Juniors.

"Finally a regular monthly meeting of the Council of high school students is shown. The purpose of the film is to interest more Juniors, and to show the possibilities of helping others through the Junior Red Cross."

MANY HALLOWE'EN favors were made by J. R. C. members of Shreveport, Louisiana, for local and near-by institutions. There were paper caps, all different, paper baskets filled with nuts and candy, decorated napkins, jointed jack-o'-lantern men, jokebooks and crossword puzzle books, unusual laughing pumpkin faces, and a Hallowe'en

box for men in the Veterans Administration Facility at Alexandria.

J. R. C. MEMBERS enrolled in schools for the blind have since last March been receiving a special brailled edition of the NEWS. Here's what they will read in the first braille edition for 1941-42: "All Care of Each Other's Good," "Pathfinder of the Seas," "Time Now for Gift Boxes," "J. R. C. Thousands for War Relief," "News Parade," and "School of the Air." An explanation of the new Junior Red Cross enrollment plan is included, too. Plates and paper for the magazine are paid for from the National Children's Fund. Volunteer braillists print the stories from metal plates.



The exhibit of Mexican and South American crafts loaned by the Boston J. R. C. to the Boston Public Library drew much attention

Pathfinder of the Seas

(Continued from page 36)

The simple depot for charts and instruments had become our National Observatory, of world-wide importance.

In 1853 a Congress of nations interested in commerce met at Brussels, Belgium. Maury took an active part in the discussions. His system of making observations over land and sea was adopted by every nation represented at the Congress. He came home loaded with honors, crowned with fame.

When Cyrus W. Field was preparing to lay the first cable along the ocean bed, between Newfoundland and Ireland, he came to Maury for advice, for Maury knew more about the physical geography of the bottom of the ocean

than any other person. (Note chart on p. 35.)

After the cable was laid, Field said, "Maury furnished the brains, England gave the money and I did the work."

Emperors and kings have acknowledged the debt the world owes to this great benefactor of mankind; learned societies have listened to his words with respect; busts of him have been unveiled in many cities, both at home and in foreign countries.

Today, on the front page of the charts which the United States Government issues each month are printed the words.

"Founded upon the research made, and data collected, by Lieutenant M. F. Maury, U. S. N."

Kwong-Kwong's Moon Festival

Alida Visscher Shinn

Pictures by Wango Weng



Kwong-Kwong said, "Father, please buy Mother a box of moon cakes, and some sugar toys for Mooi-Mooi and Fook-Fook"

IT WAS THE DAY before the Chinese Moon Festival. Kwong-Kwong and his father walked down the street looking first at one Moon Festival lantern store and then at another.

Some of the lanterns were like fish. Some of the lanterns were like moons. Father bought Kwong-Kwong a moon lantern and a fish lantern.

Kwong-Kwong and his father walked down the street looking first at one moon cake store and then at another. Now, moon cakes are round like the moon. Sometimes they are sweet. Sometimes they are salty. Inside the pastry crust are nuts, egg yolk, beans and ham. Kwong-Kwong looked at

moon cakes with flowers on top and at moon cakes with dragons, moons and fish on top.

Kwong-Kwong said, "Father, please buy Mother a box of moon cakes and my cousins some sugar toys."

"Yes," said Father.

Kwong-Kwong carried the sugar toys. Father carried the moon cakes. The sugar toys and lanterns were for Mooi-Mooi and Fook-Fook, Kwong-Kwong's cousins. Mother cut a moon cake and gave a piece to Kwong-Kwong, one to Mooi-Mooi and one to Fook-Fook.

Then Kwong-Kwong played with his sister, Ying-Ying, while Mother cooked potatoes for lunch.

After lunch Kwong-Kwong and Ying-Ying played with tops and balls. Then Mother cooked the dinner.

At dinner Kwong-Kwong said, "Mother, the chicken soup tasted very good."

Ying-Ying said, "Mother, I want some more soup, please."

Father helped Kwong-Kwong. Mother helped Ying-Ying.

"All the food was good," Father said, and smiled.

After dinner it was time to prepare the table for the Moon Festival. Kwong-Kwong brought a dish of moon cakes. Ying-Ying brought a big dish of fruit. There were red persimmons. There

were green and pink peaches. There was pale yellow grapefruit.

Mother brought two dishes of horn nuts and potatoes. Then she lighted the candles.

Kwong-Kwong lighted a fish lantern. Ying-Ying lighted a fish lantern. Father hung up the lanterns. Father also lighted a lantern that went round and round.

Kwong-Kwong said good-bye to his parents, and took his lantern into the street.

He saw the neighbor's children marching down the street with his cousins Mooi-Mooi and Fook-Fook. He marched up the street with them. He marched down the street with them. They sang as they went by the lantern store and the moon cake store:

"Moon shines bright.
Moon shines bright.
Moon shines upon the trees.
Moon shines upon the mountains.
And the moon shines upon my house,
too."

Then Kwong-Kwong said, "Good

Kwong-Kwong and his cousins and the neighbor children marched singing down the street



night," and took his fish lantern home.

Kwong-Kwong saw the moon shining on his house. He thought of Ying-Ying, Father, and Mother, watching the lantern go round and round. He thought of the moon shining on the moon cakes and on the fruit. He would tell them how the boys went down the street past the lantern store and past the moon cake store, singing:

"Moon shines bright.
Moon shines bright.
Moon shines upon the trees.
Moon shines upon the mountains.
And the moon shines upon my house,
too."

When Kwong-Kwong went to bed, the moon was shining on the trees, on the mountains, and on his house. The Moon Festival was over.



AUTHOR'S NOTE: The Chinese calendar has thirteen months instead of twelve. The Moon Festival falls on the fifteenth day of the eighth month, but since the Chinese New Year varies, the Moon Festival does, too.

Cattle in the Desert

Melicent Humason Lee

Pictures by Charlotte Anna Chase

IT WAS NOON in the desert in Mexico. It was hot. Not a breath of air was stirring.

Felix trudged across the bare, sandy land, carrying a basket. He was taking lunch to his father, the caretaker of the watering-trough.

At five o'clock every day, a herd of cattle was driven to this trough, which stood by the only well for forty miles around. The air, the ground, would seem to be moving with their red-brown coats, their shining horns, their scuffling hoofs. They would all be thirsty and in a hurry to get to the watering trough.

As Felix drew nearer the trough, he could not see the tall, lean figure of his father. Usually, at this time, his father was hauling water out of the well to fill the trough. It took a long, long time to

fill it—the well was so deep, the rope of the bucket was so long, the trough was so big!

Perhaps his father was resting for a few moments under the green cypress tree which Felix's grandfather had planted long ago. The grandfather used to fill the trough for the cattle, too. But Felix's father never slept until his work was finished. A strange fear filled the boy. What could have happened to his father? Had he fallen in the well? Felix reached the trough. It was empty! The cattle would come in a few hours. They would be mad for water. They would stampede if they had no water. They would run away to somebody's farm. They would trample the corn-fields and crush the grain.

Felix called to his father. There was no answer. He looked for his father's footprints among the hoof marks of the cattle. Only old prints marked the ground.

He peered down the well. At the bottom of one of the deepest wells in Mexico he saw what looked like a tiny straw floating on the water.

Felix ran to the cypress tree. On the other side of the trunk he saw his father sitting on the ground and leaning against the trunk. His eyes were closed. He opened them a crack as he heard footsteps.

When Felix laid the wet cloth on his father's head, his father smiled a little, then closed his eyes again



"The cattle!" he muttered. "Get the water . . . fill the trough. . . I'm sick. . . Too much sun. . . My hat fell in the well."

Felix set down the lunch basket and then ran back to the bucket. There was a little water in it. He soaked his bandana in the water, and laid the wet cloth on his father's head.

His father smiled a little. "Better," he said, and closed his eyes again.

Felix picked up the rope and lowered the bucket into the well. Down, down, down. It seemed as if it would never reach the bottom. He had no idea that the well was so deep. He had never drawn water from it.

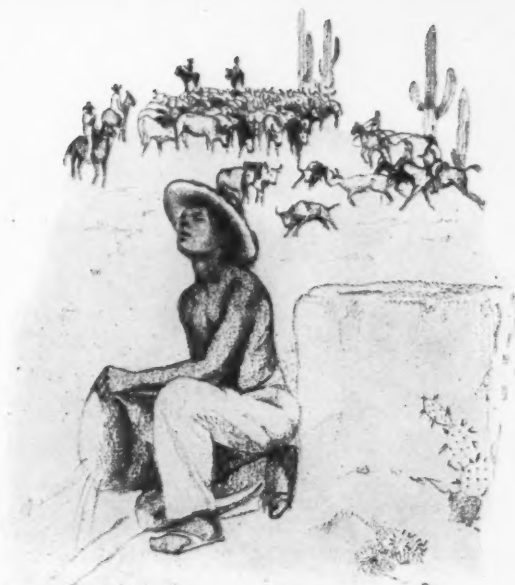
Felix filled the bucket. It was very heavy. It seemed as if it would never come to the top. The water in it seemed to soak into the wood of the big trough. And that was a whole bucket of water!

The sun marched slowly across the top of the sky. Its hot rays licked through his bare brown back, and tickled his legs. Cattle flies swarmed down on his skin. Drops of sweat poured from his black eyebrows. Drops of sweat oozed from his back and legs. But he kept filling the trough.

Now and then he ran back to his father to see if he needed anything. The last time his father was munching a *tortilla* and cold mutton. He waved to Felix to go back.

"Back! Back!" he muttered between the bites. "The watering trough! The cattle! You must fill the trough!"

Felix kept on filling the trough. He felt dizzy and sick, but he kept on filling the trough. He was almost fainting when he heard his father's voice: "Let me help you. I am better now." And



Felix could now hear the cries of the cowboys: the cattle were coming closer and closer

Felix handed over the bucket and lay down in the shade. Then his father grew ill again. Felix ran for the bucket. The trough was almost full! He felt brave and strong again. He worked harder than ever. He was just pouring the last bucketful into the trough when he lifted his head and sniffed. He smelled dust and hides.

Away down the desert something was moving. Now Felix could see shapes of many cattle, horns, plumes of dust like smoke. He could hear the cries of the cowboys. He could see their horses and their swinging ropes. The cattle were coming!

Nearer and nearer they were coming. They were excited at the smell of water in the watering trough. Some of them were running.

The sun began to set. Its rosy color reflected in the trough. The water looked beautiful. Felix forgot that he was tired when he saw the beautiful water and the pride in his father's eyes. He had filled the trough in time.

